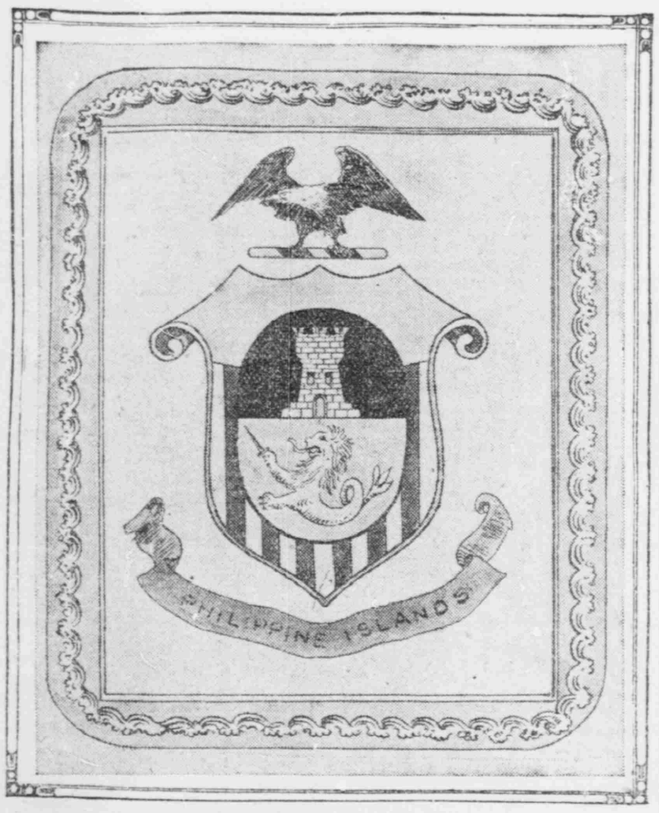
WASHINGTON'S ONLY MANUFACTURER OF COATS-OF-ARMS



MANILA UPHELD BY AMERICA.
Her Old Arms Placed Upon the Shield of the United States and Surmounted by an Eagle.

TWO GREAT PERIODS IN ONE DESIGN.
The Medieval Discovery of the West Indies and Their Modern Emancipation Pictured in the Arms of Porto Rico.

A SEAL OF MANIFEST MEANING.
The Symbol of Government Guarding the Ship of Commerce and the Anvil of Labor.

Unique and Honorable Distinction of Gaillard Hunt, Who Designed, Among Others, the Seals for Porto Rico and the Philippines.

"OF COURSE the Philippines must have a seal. Every nation must have a seal, and while maybe some extremely utilitarian country might get along without one, we Filipinos cannot. So I wish you would prepare one for us just as soon as you get a chance. We need it."

These were not the words used by Governor Taft of the Philippines on the occasion of his visit to the United States several years ago, but they might well have been his words, and it is certain he said much the same thing. The other end of the conversation came from Gaillard Hunt, who has been described as "Washington's only manufacturer of coats-of-arms." What Mr. Hunt said in reply was something like this:

"It will be a pleasure to design a seal for the Philippines, but I must be supplied with material. You must send to me from Manila, when you return, an emblazonment of the old seal of the city, imprints of such old Spanish seals as you can find, copies of the royal orders granting a coat-of-arms and crest to Manila, and such other documents and material as will enable the State Department to give the islands a seal which is really significant."

Then the governor continued on his tour to New England to speak in defense of his country's insular policy, and to San Francisco to set sail for the nation which lost its coat-of-arms by fortune of war. In six months or a year back came a box, to be transmitted with all due formality from Governor Taft to the chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, and from the chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs to the Secretary of War, and from the Secretary of War to the Secretary of State, and from the Secretary of State to the historian of the State Department.

It is Mr. Hunt who holds that library-sounding title, together with the office of chief of the passport division. The theory seems to be that when Americans are content to remain at home and travel to other countries is correspondingly light, Mr. Hunt can turn his attention to the march of progress and make notes as the events file past. But most of his time is spent on passports, recording "eyes blue, nose prominent, chin large, hair scant," and so as a historian he is perforce a specialist, instead of a Bancroft under regular pay.

Coats-of-arms are one of his specialties. When Porto Rico was annexed and his fellow-citizens were shaking their fists at each other to prove "Does the Constitution follow the flag or does it not?" as Mr. Dooley might put it, Mr. Hunt was thinking, "Will the old arms of Porto Rico continue on the island's stationery or will it not?" And when the Philippines became ours by treaty it is entirely possible that he saw outlines of strange shields beneath the type of the newspapers, while they were still filled with General Lawton's campaign against the Moros.

Designer of Many Seals.

Mr. Hunt had meanwhile had some experience in designing coats-of-arms. In fact, there has been more designing of that nature in the past six years than in the fifty-six years before. Porto Rico has become part of the United States and has been given a seal. The Department of Commerce and Labor has been created, and it also has been given a seal. Both designs give a fine idea of Mr. Hunt's methods.

"It is not enough," he will say, "that an artist shall design a coat-of-arms which is beautiful. Or that a herald put together details which are highly significant to his own mind, but empty symbols to the people for whom the arms is made. A coat-of-arms is a thing for daily use. It is to be painted on wood, carved in stone, embroidered on flags, and reproduced in a hundred ways. Some of the workmen who do that reproducing will be adept, but most of them will not. So the design must be simple. Then every feature of the design must be significant, and so closely significant that all people will understand it. Finally, if it is the seal of anything, it is the seal of the national dignity; so the design must reflect the political and historical circumstance which produced it."

A Ship and an Anvil.

The making of a seal, for the Department of Commerce and Labor, according to these requirements, was a simple matter. It was easy to symbolize commerce with a full-rigged vessel, and labor by a hammer and an anvil.

Some one suggested to Mr. Hunt that sailing vessels were gradually retreating from the seas, and that a brand-new, twentieth century department should have a full-powered steam vessel as its emblem. This advice Mr. Hunt squarely rejected, and for good reasons.

The sail, he says, is the enduring symbol of commerce; it was in use long before our day, and will last, presumably, after the Panama canal has become a commonplace of the school geographies. Other methods of transportation, such as the whaleback of the Great Lake, which had such a vogue a few years ago, are by comparison with the sail the creations of a day. As a last reason, he argued that full-rigged sailing vessel is one of the most beautiful sights on the ocean.

So the ship was put in, sailing along before a blue background. The anvil—which is colored "proper," a phrase used to signify the colors of the thing in nature—has a gold background. The eagle is also "proper." The effect of the whole seal in color, then, is that of a design of white, blue and gold. It is used most often, of course, in black and white. If anyone would have a fine example of such a use of this seal he has only to look on the outside page of the daily consular reports.

Royalty, Church, and State.

For Porto Rico the limitations of the problem, so to speak, were sharper. In consequence of the custom of Spain to give charters to cities and not to provinces, San Juan already had arms. The design included a rock in the sea, the lamb of St. John and the royal crown of Spain.

Here was the material at hand. But two-thirds of it had to be rejected. The lamb of St. John was a symbol of the Roman Catholic Church, and no religious symbol can ever be used on the shield of the United States; the crown was a symbol of the royalty which the Constitution of the United States particularly abhors.

A hundred designs, maybe, were drawn. Finally everyone seemed satisfied with a shield containing the rock in the sea, a chief—which is the upper section of the shield—of stripes like those of the American coat of arms, a crest of the Santa Maria—Columbus' flagship—and a motto, "Prospera Lux Oritur," which is to say, "An Auspicious Light Breaks." The rock in the sea was given the general lines of Porto Rico. The corbel was shown under full sail with the Spanish standard flying from the peak. And laid upon the American portion of the feature of the design were the familiar laurel and the wand of Mercury with its winged head and coiling serpents. These last features lack the special significance which Mr. Hunt holds to be so important.

A Washington Girl's Cleverness.

Even the careless will understand the value of the rock in the sea to a people which have loved that design for a century; of the Santa Maria to a nation which esteems Christopher Columbus beyond all other public men; of a motto which bespeaks a promise of a better fortune without condemning the life which is changed. It is of particular interest to Washington to know that this motto was proposed by a young woman who lives in the National Capital and was chosen from a thousand submitted by eminent students and learned heralds.

When it came to designing a shield for the Philippines it was necessary to give close attention to all the material supplied by Governor Taft. All the royal orders were read carefully. The arms of Manila were studied thoroughly. The various Filipino shields were examined laboriously. When each of these had yielded its material for the new coat of arms dozens of designs were to be made before finding one which would serve for practical use.

Arms for the Philippines.

Such a design was found eventually, and the State Department has prepared for its files a brief of the steps which led to its selection. It is well worth reading:

"It was the custom of the Spanish government to grant arms to cities and not to provinces, and in Porto Rico the only arms except the Spanish in the island was granted to the city of San Juan. It is not strange, therefore, that the only separate coat-of-arms in the Philippines was the arms of Manila.

"March 20, 1596, by royal order of King Filipe, a coat of arms was granted to the city of Manila, 'as the said city of Manila is,' said the order, 'the head and the most principle of said islands.' The order described the arms as follows:

"'And I hereby designate as coat-of-arms of said city of Manila, in said Philippine Islands, an escutcheon, which in the center of the upper part shall have a golden castle in a red field, and closed with blue doors and windows, and above it a crown, and in the lower part in a blue field, a half lion and half dolphin of silver provided with gules, which are red claws and tongue, said lion holding in its paw a sword with guard and hilt, as painted here on a coat of arms alike to the one described above.'

Manila Given a Crown.

"And on April 23, 1826, a royal cedula was issued, adding to the coat-of-arms a crest, being a royal crown, 'placed,' the cedula said, 'above the main turret of the castle which you have for a coat of arms.' This distinction was conferred because of the fidelity of Manila 'and the other towns of the islands.' (Incidentally it may be remarked that the crown added by this decree was superfluous as the arms already contained a crown.

"The arms of Manila, therefore, and the arms of Spain are the only ones which have hitherto ever been used for official purposes in the Philippine Islands.

Will Keep City's Seal.

"Fortunately, there is no reason why the arms of Manila should be discarded to meet the changed condition of the islands, except in so far as it contains a distinctively royal symbol, and instead of the arms of Spain can be substituted the shield of the arms of the United States. The act of the Continental Congress passed June 20, 1782, described the shield thus:

"'Paleways of thirteen pieces, argent and gules; a chief, azure,' and explained the colors as follows: 'The colours of the pales are those used in the flag of the United States of America; white signifies purity and innocence, red hardiness and valour, and blue the colour of the chief, signifies vigilance, perseverance, and justice.'

"For a crest instead of the royal crown of the Manila arms the American eagle naturally suggests itself.

Paleways, Chief, and Crest.

"The proposed device, therefore, for the seal of the Philippine Islands is as follows:

"Arms. Paleways of thirteen pieces, argent and gules, a chief, azure; over all the arms of Manila; per fess gules and azure, in chief the castle of Spain, or doors and windows azure, in base a sea lion, argent langued and armed; gules in dexter paw; a sword hilted.

"Crest. The American eagle displayed proper."

A development of this design, elaborately worked in color, has now been sent to Governor Wright, of the Philippines, via the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, and the Bureau of Insular Affairs. When it is received in Manila it will be proposed to the island council, formally approved, enacted into law as the Continental Congress adopted the American coat-of-arms, and put into use over all the province. In Porto Rico this has already been done and Mr. Hunt's design has passed into general favor.

Interesting Talk With Mr. Hunt, Bringing Out How the Designs are Conceived and How Built Up From Appropriate Material.

Deckhand Pro Tempore--How College Man Worked His Passage From Australia

By ROLLIN STONE.

THE whys and wherefores of how I came to be stranded in Sydney, Australia, need not concern the reader. It is enough to say that with deficient funds, I was bent upon returning to my United States even if I, well born, college bred, and a toiler hitherto with my head, not my hands, had to work my passage across the Pacific.

San Francisco was the place I sought and I laid my plans to obtain employment for the nonce upon one of the Oceanic Steamship Company's liners which run between the California metropolis and the Australian metropolis. But so steady is the exodus of youths from Australia, thanks to the labor unions, to American shores that I was not in time with my appeal and nine others were taken and I was left.

There remained the Canadian-Australian line, the agent of which is the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand. This line's steamers ply between Sydney and Vancouver, stopping at Brisbane, the Fiji Islands, Honolulu, and Victoria en route. Recommendation by the American consul and vice consul got me a promise from the Canadian-Pacific Company's general passenger agent at Sydney that he would do what he could for me.

Several weeks slipped by, and then behold me in the presence of the Union Company's superintendent of supplies at Darling Harbor, Sydney, armed with a note from the kindly agent. I had already been commended to his good offices, so the note was quite a minor item.

Main Deckman.

He was a squeaky-voiced Englishman, this superintendent, who told me next day that all that he could offer me was the place of main deckman. I accepted instanter, knowing no more what a main deckman is expected to do than I dare say you do. He explained that I must scrub the main deck, and added:

"If they drop their bally ashes on your deck you will have to sweep them up."

I presently reported to the second steward of the Union Company's new liner—I shall call her the Maori—for duty.

I found upon thus first meeting the second steward that I had already been the subject of some reference to the chief steward, a decisive Scotchman from Dunedin, sitting near by, who said: "He's a shilling-a-month man. Put his name down, and put him to work."

The second steward was a rather pompous little New Zealander, who affected a brusque and forbidding mien most of the time, but whose bark was far worse than his bite.

Hard Work.

While the steamer lay in dock I put in six days of hard work on her, a foretaste of the grueling labor I was to have for three weeks thereafter. In old clothes I laboriously washed paint work. I also scrubbed the second saloon floor, I scrubbed the second saloon staterooms, I polished the brass of portholes, I staggeringly carried ice for the vessel's refrigerator, I shifted boxes and fruit and baskets and cans.

This work was from 8 o'clock until 5 o'clock, and then I was free to return to my home across the beautiful harbor, and enjoy its comforts until the next day. I dressed for work with daily misgivings about my clothes in the "glory hole," which was an object lesson of how disorderly men can be, being strewn with garments, towels, and parcels of all sorts, the effect of which was much swearing.

Fair Game.

My new-made steward friends were rather inclined toward making game of me at first, I was so green, but once they learned that I was merely earning my passage, had not ever been employed on a steamer before, and did not expect to be again, they manifested the greatest kindness toward me. Truly the sea is a teacher of a degree of charity, rough, and yet withal fine, which one does not find on shore, I verily believe.

Before the voyage was over I was to learn that these rough men and youths were kind and helpful almost to the point of lovableness. There were exceptions to this rule, of course, but that was the prevailing spirit.

Three days before the Maori sailed everyone of the ship's company foregathered in one of the saloons to sign the ship's articles. To me, who had never before been through the experience, it was rather an interesting event.

Articles Signed.

Two Union Company officials sharply and speedily made those of us who had been to sea for a living, however brief the time of that livelihood, produce their discharges. Our names, ages, birthplaces, and wages were set down, even those of the humble passage workers, who numbered more than a half dozen, including a young woman who was to act as an assistant stewardess.

Under the head "Wages" was written after our several names "Shilling a month," which is the condition under which the passage worker upon any vessel in the British merchant service is borne and fed, the round world over.

The Maori steamed away from the Circular Quay at noon of a splendid May day, amid the usual accompaniment of tears, sighs, handkerchiefs, and promises to write at the first opportunity.

She had not yet passed the Heads before my passage-working burdens began in stern earnest. I was detailed to assist the first saloon smoking-room barkeeper, to assist the storekeeper (the same man), and to assist the butcher.

Relentless Labor.

Some odd jobs were tacked to these in the course of the voyage. To the ones I have mentioned, saving only aid of the butcher, I was relentlessly held for some 7,000 miles.

The main deck upon this particular steamer ran from her galley or kitchen to the passageway to the second saloon, and upon it were the butcher shop, the scullery, the baker's shop, the way to the storeroom, and the entrance to the engine room. Strips of lead-gray canvas ran its whole length, but their width was such that there was from end to end a margin of decking perhaps two feet wide.

Both canvas and deck had to be scrubbed. I made this task as philosophically as I could, but I am immensely rejoiced that it is now behind my back.

He was always a cross man, I must admit, who, being roused from his stuffy and uncomfortable bunk in the steerage of the Maori, where the passage workers were berthed, at 5:15 o'clock in the morning, scrambled into his very dirty garments, crept yawning up the companion, and made his way across the wet decks, in the half-light to the inexorable job of cleansing, or trying to cleanse, her main deck.

Sweep and Scrub.

There was not a dawn during the whole trip, when I reached that deck, that I did not find it fairly covered with coal dust and littered with wisps of paper, burnt matches, straws, "gobs" of fat and what not.

All this had to be removed with broom and dustpan, and then with bucket, scrubbing brush, swab, and sandsoap.

It was not until I had scrubbed for several mornings that I discovered that the only preventive of sore knees in work of this kind is a "kneeler"—either a big towel or what is much more elaborate, a piece of thick carpet nailed to a board. And it was not until almost the last day of this eventful voyage that I grasped the vital truth that the whole secret of deck scrubbing is a big swab—as big a swab as you can hold.

The deck was one of the highways of the steamer, and along it from daylight to midnight tramped stokers, engineers, bakers, cooks, stewards, and butchers. They tracked up my deck even as I scrubbed, they stumbled over me sometimes as I knelt, they chaffed and commiserated and advised me, according to the bent of their characters.

Because I casually laid a mat on top of another before the engine-room door I was snarlingly told by an engineer that he wouldn't have me "shaking dirt in the engines," whilst the butcher, who had often been to that delectable spot, would cry: "Don't ye wish now ye were at Cooney Islan'?" and then cheeringly add: "Well, Yank, only a few mornin's more of this for you," followed by a flood of anathemas upon the vessel and the voyage; and my brother stewards would be free to say that I was much too conscientious and, given the job, they could do it in twenty-five or thirty minutes, whereas it took me two hours and a quarter to do it by the clock—but that was before I made the discovery about big swabs.

I have a New England conscience, I am afraid, but my chief aim, I confess, was just to have the deck look fairly presentable when the captain made his round of inspection at 11 o'clock.

Feared Captain.

At first I was so stricken with a sense of duty that I scrubbed the deck under the canvas as well as the canvas itself and the uncovered margin of planking, but it was not long before the sense of duty faded away and I scrubbed only what the captain's eye was likely to fall upon. The "Old Man" bore a fear-compelling reputation for poking into corners and lifting up objects in search of dirt and possible, or, if you will, probable delinquency.

But, thank fortune, he never took the pains to look under that canvas on my deck! If he had, he would have been shocked I am sure. Once scrubbed, though, that deck was not rescrubbed. Men might come and men might go on it after that, but I did not care.

My duties in the second saloon pantry were varied. I washed dishes, I wiped dishes, and I ran to and fro along the main deck, anon, bearing pans and platefuls of steaming edibles. But my principal work was washing dishes, and the job of washing the dishes three times a day of 138 passengers is no sinecure.

It was at one lunch hour on that trying time between Fiji and Hawaii that the chief cook, who was fat, foul-mouthed, and good-hearted, but in this hour was half maddened by the heat in the galley, by the rum which he had drunk, and by the exasperatingly inexplicable appetite of the passengers for roast duck—drove the second saloon steward out of the place with a volley of curses and pieces of duck, threatened to throw a cleaver at the second saloon pastryman, and smote me, who showed fight because of an evil name he launched at me, a grievous blow in the left eye. Then I was hastily dragged out of the row by the third cook, who, I subsequently learned, was likewise drunk.

Eager for Fight.

But I was speedily avenged by the steerage steward, who was assisting in the second saloon pantry. He was as fine a figure of a man as I have ever looked upon, and one of that type of British sailor which is said to be fast disappearing.

He ran down to the galley eager to get into a fight, and smote the chief cook hip and thigh.

I wore raw beef and a towel upon the eye the rest of the day, a marked man among my fellows. But the breeze in the galley was not laid until the chief steward had been called in all haste to quell the vituperative raging of the cook.

That evening the sobered and chastened chef apologized to me seven times in the course of an hour. He was from that time until we reached Vancouver an even firmer friend of mine than he had been before this painful episode.

I will not attempt to tell how abhorrent, because of the dirt and heat, was the daily work of grubbing about in the smothering and dim lazaret, knee deep in sweating straw and streaming with perspiration, in order that the passengers might be supplied with soda water; nor can I adequately describe the profanity of the smoking-room barkeeper, a long and bibulous-looking New Zealander, who with fair words promised me a sovereign at the end of the voyage for my assistance, and then, when the time came, gave me 10 shillings and the excuse that his "tips" had been few.

The work of helping in the storeroom every afternoon was rather arduous, but had its pleasant side, because of the eatables, which could be "smouched" with immunity, ranging from fresh fruit to crackers and cheese. My help of the butcher, which lasted only about half the voyage, thanks to a steerage steward's kind representations to the second steward, consisted in helping to hoist meat up from the refrigerator to the deck, where it must be weighed. It was a great and greasy job.

Doubtless I might have escaped some of this slaving had I had a uniform—a steward's uniform. Some of my passage-working associates had such, so they were called upon to wait upon tables. This meant "tips" for them, and less work of the stevedore description.

Messmates.

No account of this, a greenhorn's narrative of his working a passage, should end without something about his companions, or much better his messmates, for even a greenhorn quickly learns to call each of his associates upon the rolling deep "messmates." I ran afoul of the captain—a most religious man—I fancy that his penchant for dirt hunting was the outgrowth of a morbid conscience.

The passage I had with him occurred the day after my brush with the chief cook. Just what idea the chief steward had in mind in ordering me, while my left eye was yet black and bloodshot, to wash paintwork, and to let the captain see me doing it when he came by, I know not.

The "skipper" pounced upon me, and then I heard him ask the chief steward in an aside who I was. The chief replied in an undertone, and I caught the name of the agent in Sydney, my sponsor. The skipped glared at me and then suddenly asked:

"Is this the way you wash paintwork? Look at the dust in this corner. I suppose that doesn't count with you?"

He fetched a finger into a corner which I with my damaged eye had not seen, and held it up gray with dust. I murmured that I had no intention of slighting any corners, and I should not even think of letting the one he had indicated go. Then he observed:

"You don't seem to know much about washing paintwork. You go at it the wrong way. You wash at the bottom when you ought to begin at the top, and the result is these streaks."

He was eminently right; I did not know how to wash paintwork then and I do not know how now.